MY CHEST

OR RANSACKING

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MY CHEST

OR

RANSACKING.

BY

CLARA GOWING.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. REED.

READING:
W. E. & J. F. TWOMBLY.

[1899]

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DEDICATED TO YOU,

MY FRIEND.

"AS IN MY CHEST I OFTEN LOOK."

PROEM.

"By all means, use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thy own;
And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

GEORGE HERBERT.

As in my chest I often look,
I sometimes am inclined
To write within this little book,
Stray thoughts that there I find.

Not for their intrinsic merit,
Much less, their classic style,
Nor dreaming they'll ere prove profit,—
Simply an hour beguile.

And then it is pleasant to know,
There are thoughts roaming about,
Which the tongue unable to show,
The pen perchance will bring out,—

For when alone at work I've sat,
Or strayed from mates apart,
I have loved my chest to ransack,
And search o'er all my heart.

Strange parcels there, oft meet my view,
Heart yearnings far from gay,
Sunshine and cloud of every hue,
Compose these motley lays.

This rubbish is of me a part,
And shows a varied mood,
Not meant for all, but those whose heart
With mine is in attune.

THE AUTHOR.

ELMWOOD,
CONCORD, MASS.

THE LAST WISH.

[Written on being shown by a friend where she would like to be buried by a river.]

Dear friends, weep not for me when I am gone,
But come to the river side, and sing to me
Those songs I love so well. Come, bring wild
Flowers, and scatter them on the water
To make it calm and quiet, that there I
May repose at last, in peacefulness.
Bring not many, to view my resting place,
But come alone, that in death my body
May enjoy that tranquility that in life
My spirit longed for.

Let no monument
Mark the spot where I repose, but by the
Stranger passed unnoticed, for as in life
But few cared for me, so 'twill be in death.
Dear friends, in autumn when the summer leaves
Shall change and die, then think of me, but not
With sadness, but as one who's gone to rest
From the many trials of this cold world.

CONCORD, MASS , 1846.

[Closing of the Winter Term of the Delaware Baptist School, Kansas.]

This morning dawned mild, clear, and bright,
The children rose with hearts quite light,

Happy to bid adieu to school,
To books, and work, and every rule.
When all were with their breakfast through,
Each to their chores quite quickly flew;
The largest boys took out the beds,
And on the grass the hay soon spread;
While the girls, from the windows threw
The bedquilts, and the pillows, too,
Thinking, on the fence to hang them,
There, the wind from dust to free them.
But from the south, the wind blew strong,
And on the fence, they stayed not long,
But over the yards quickly flew,
Showing colors of rainbow hue.
Water-boys to the spring were sent,
To fill the barrels ere they went.
The hills echoed their voices loud,
('Tis well we live not near a town,)
Shouting, "Vacation!" "Vacation!"
Surely all were in commotion.
A lively scene it was, I ween,
You should have been there to have seen.

In due time, all the chores were done,
Those who lived nearest homeward run,
Others stayed their people to wait,
The last were gone ere it was late.
Some went on horse-back, some afoot,
And some, without a parting look.
And then, to sweep, we went about,
From the corners the dirt to rout.

The hay we swept, but oh, the mud
To start, we took shovel and dug;
We dug, and scrubbed, and washed, and swept,
Till on the floor no mud was left.
When this was done night o'er us crept,
And thus it was the children left.

Feb. 22nd, 1861.

[Lines Written for a Child to Speak at their Family Christmas Tree.]

Dear Friends, I'm glad to see you here
Within our home so bright,
For you have come our hearts to cheer
On this merry Christmas night.
Now, I'll tell you something more;
In our parlor there's a tree
All with presents covered o'er;
How it got there I don't see,
But there it is, and you will find
If you ope the folding door,
Something pleasing to each mind,
On the tree or on the floor.

[Lines Sent With a Cross.]

Though here a cross I give to thee,
From thorns and trouble it is free;
And as around it clings the vine,
I would that love your pathway twine.

AUTUMN.

The mellow autumn days are here,
With flowers the brightest of the year,
  While vine and tree combine
  To lend their fruit betime;
Shedding abroad their fragrance rare,
Making all nature charming fair.

[A Postal Card to one who had Borrowed a Bag and Failed to Return it.]

How can a body a shopping go,
Without a bag, I would like to know?
If you've aught of the kind to lend,
Will you please oblige an old friend?
Here is some licorice for you to chew,
Some that you left here, you and Sue.
A word to the wise sufficient should be,—
I am as ever, your friend, Clara G.

[A Letter to a Friend.]

Delaware Reservation, March, sixty-one,
Strongly blows the wind, and clouded is the sun;
Yours received, I write your kindness to repay,
'Tis Friday P. M., the twenty-second day.

After breakfast, Dear Helen, with children four,
I took a walk down the creek, a mile or more,
Where plenty of stones, of all colors abound,
Of shapes many: large, small, thin, smooth, rough
  and round;

Shells, too, a few we found, though neither rich, nor rare.
The only mystery was, how came they there?
Were they, as some think once by the ocean left,
When years ago, o'er these plains its waters swept,
And, by its mighty waves these fair prairies formed?
I think not; so will leave the how, unsolved.
Rare stones we gathered like true geologists,
And places found of scenery wildest;
Found rocks, earth, and trees in wild confusion thrown,
And mosses of all colors, had o'er them grown;
Here ravines by rushing waters had been formed,
And there, a precipice o'er jotting rocks yawned.
One ravine bears the title of "Deadman's Leap,"
From which should one be dashed, they there might sleep.
When weary, we sat down in some sheltered nook,
And scanned over a page from Nature's own book,
And flowers, now and then, a few we found,
Delicate white ones, just peeping from the ground.
Anon, we tried our voices in loud halloo
That the hills and vales the sound might re-echo,
Thinkest thou, my friend, we need civilizing?
Why! we were merely out geologizing.
While I write the heavens grow black.
Of lightning there is no lack;
Fearfully loud, the thunder roars,
Surcharged clouds the rain out pours.
And now again, the sky is clear,
And singing from the birds I hear.

The grass so clean, looks very green
As in the play-ground it is seen.

[To my Brother on Learning he had Enlisted for the War, August 1861.]

Go, brother, go! and for your country fight,
Ever stand firm for freedom and for right;
For this thy grandsires fought in olden time,
For this they dared their peaceful homes resign.
What they so dearly bought, protect with might,
For freedom's holy, blood bought soil dare fight;
Leave home and kindred, and friends that are dear,
Go then, trusting in God, without a fear.

Go, brother, go! thy country bids thee go!
With courage bold go forth to meet the foe.
They've dared thy country's sacred rights defy,
Defend those rights, and on thy God rely,
Shrink not to leave thy wife and child so dear,
Though parting cost thee many a sad tear,
For what to thee, would be thy home now dear,
Were the Rebel flag to be planted here?

Brother! thy sister loves, yet bids thee go;
For God's own righteous cause all else forgo;
Fight for the right, or die as heroes die.
For thee, thy sister's prayer shall daily rise.
To Him, who listens to the humblest cry
That thou may always feel His spirit nigh,
Ever to nerve thy arm, thy soul to cheer,
Then brother go, my brother very dear.

Go then, and may God's blessing rest on thee,
From pain and death, mayest thou protected be.
Though many anxious hours thy friends will pass
We'll trust in God, that we may meet at last
Where wars and conflict will no more break out,
But joy and harmony will reign throughout.
Then, brother, if thy country need thee, fight!
God will preserve and bless, in doing right.

[Lines Addressed to my Sister on the Death of Her Infant.]

Thou art gone to thy rest, dear little one;
Very quickly, thy course on earth was run;
Tenderly thy form, in the grave has been lain,
But thy pure spirit, with thy God doth reign.

Ere yet thy feet had trod the mazy way
Which leads to death, or the endless day,
Thy Maker called thee, to the world above,
To dwell and flourish beneath His love.

Then we'll not mourn, that thy spirit has gone,
Ere of earth's pain and woe it tasted long;
But try to feel, "God doeth all things well,"
And meet on high, with Christ and thee to dwell.

[Lines to Friends who sent a Barrel of Clothing to the Delaware Baptist Mission, Kan.]

Many thanks for the barrel, packed so tight,
Which came to the Mission, at last, all right;

Crowded and packed I ween, by thoughtful hands,
Then nailed strong enough, to visit all lands.
The ticket, (Express,) seemed an old friend.
Could you have looked in at the Mission then,
You'd have seen a queer sight, I think, perhaps,
When out came the head, by many hard raps,
For each, (as people from a grab-bag do,)
Put in their hand, and taking out a few
Of what was handy, displayed to view
Various articles of every hue;
Clothing of all kinds, some large and some small;
And soon we had found something for us all.
With our dresses we were all much pleased,
As if each for themselves had selected;
We'll prize them, for kind hearts of which they tell,
As these tokens show our friends love us well.
Miss M. sends her love, and will write you soon,
Just now I hear her coughing in her room,
For you must know, of colds we have enough,
Though generally we are well and quite tough.
From rhyming such nonsense, I now must stop,
Why, 'tis nearly, or quite eleven o'clock.
To scribble you more I may not tarry,
Only subscribe myself, your friend, Clara.

SUPPLICATION.

In all the varied paths of life,
O God, I pray Thee, be
My guide, and council, inward light,
Winning my soul to Thee.

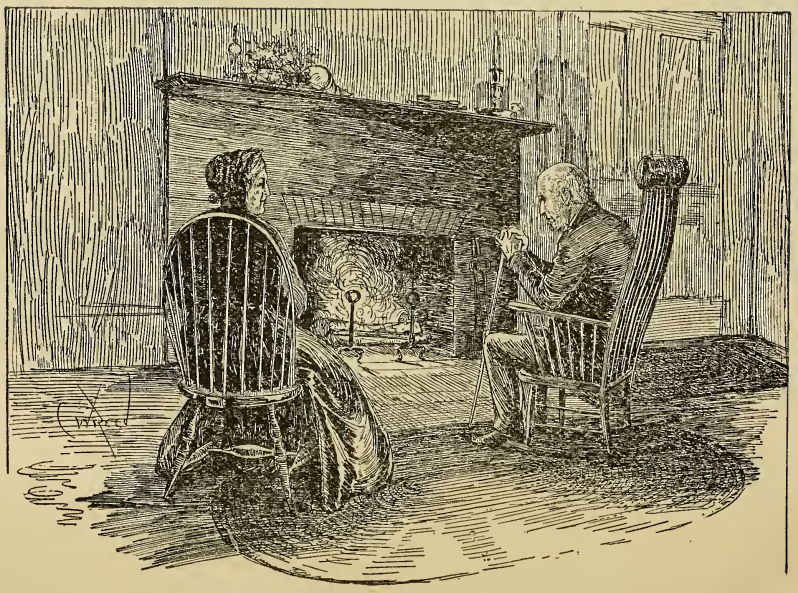
In daily life we meet with sin,
And fancy onward lures;
But if God's Spirit dwell within
His strength will prove secure.
Oh, lead me ever in Thy way,
Though dark it may appear.
A Father's love will be the ray
To banish every fear.
Then bless me Father, with Thy grace,
And draw me unto Thee,
Help me in all, Thy love to trace,
O Lord, remember me.
And grant Thy blessing rest upon
Those that on earth I love,
May they accept of Christ, Thy Son,
And reign with Him above.

A PEEP AT HOME.

'Tis Sabbath eve, all nature's still,
My thoughts wandering roam
Away to eastern vales and hills,
And take a peep at home.

Beside the fire my mother sits,
Her form by age not bent;
Pensive her mood, perchance she thinks,
Of her loved ones absent.

And for their good she breathes a prayer,
To God the Father dear,
That He'll bestow His watchful care
And bless their pathway here.



"BESIDE THE FIRE MY MOTHER SITS,"

And on his staff my father bows;
His hair is snowy white,
For seventy winters mark his brow
Though yet the eye beams bright.

Methinks his thoughts I plainly read,
They're with the absent ones;
For one is on the battle-field —
The dear, the youngest son.

His country's call he answered, too,
And bade adieu to friends,
For in his veins the blood beats true,
The Union to defend.

And one has gone toward setting sun,
Where prairie flowers bloom;
To teach America's wild sons,
In Heaven there's yet room.

And there are those who nearer dwell,
Each share their parents prayer;
May "He who doeth all things well,"
Of grace give each a share.

And when they're called, (as all must be,)
To leave this earthly place,
Oh, that with angels they may see
The Savior, face to face.

Then feel not anxious for thy bairns,
But trust a Father's care;
Through dangers he can keep from harm
Who numbers all their hairs.

God bless thee, parents, ever dear,
My mother, and my sire;
Prepare thee, while journeying here,
To tune the heavenly lyre.

KANSAS, April, 1863.

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

Life has its joys; then why despond,
And sadly brood o'er sorrow?
The night, though dark, at last will end,
And sunshine on the morrow.

We would not know how much to prize
The glorious orb of day,
Did not a cloud some times arise,
Dimming for a while its rays.

And so with trials in this life,
Darkly for a time appear,
Then pass away, and beams the light,
That quickly checks the tear.

We know there's One that makes us strong,
When battling life's storms we're weak,
If we His strength sincerely long,
Truly, guidance from Him seek.

How sweet 'twill be to feel the smile
A kind Father's love bestows,
On those who 're striving for a while,
To follow Christ here below.

Then cheer thee up, my soul arise,
There is duty marked for you;
And faith points upward to the skies,—
With courage your way pursue.

KANSAS, April, 1863.

[A Prayer for my little Nephew.]

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
And grant to me Thy tender care.
Oh, give me health, and keep from harm;
Guide me by Thy powerful arm.
In sinful ways, may I ne'er stray,
But yield my heart without delay;
To Thee devote my early youth,
And love Thy Book of Holy Truth.
My brother two, oh! may he share,
Thy loving kindness, watchful care.
And bless my parents, ever dear,
And all my friends, both far and near.
And if on earth, we meet no more,
Bear us all, to Thy "shining shore;"
There with angels, a part to take,
Oh, hear my prayer for Jesus' sake.

UNDER THE CLOUD.

Darkly the clouds are gathering oer,
Stretching with gloominess far before.

Father, behind them my spirit tries
In vain, Thy countenance to descry.

Alas, that my soul so common be,
The silver lining I cannot see,—
O, enter Thou, and my heart refine,
Cause my will to yield itself to Thine.

Help me, O Father, Thy hand to see,
In all the paths Thou'st appointed me;
And ever wilt Thou by Thy grace sustain
Through suffering, in this world of pain.

Then, 'neath the cloud my heart will discern
The lesson I need so much to learn.
Feeling the rod yet I'll kiss the hand,
Which guides Thine own to the promised land.

KANSAS, April, 1863.

MEMORIAL.

I'm told dear aunt has passed away,
The path that opes to all,
The debt of nature each must pay,
When 're the Master calls.

The loved one's form no more we'll see,
That form so bent with care,
Death came to set her spirit free,
With Christ His joys to share.

Sweetly of her our thoughts will dwell,
With love and honor, too,
For surely we did prize her well,
So pure of heart and true.

In life she showed a christian's heart,
And kindly felt for all;
Gently she ever bore her part,—
On us may her mantle fall.

From her would'st learn to bear our part,
While tarrying here below,
Our duty do with all our heart,
Love to every one show.

Then mourn not, though she's gone before,
Through death's vale safely past,
But meet her on the other shore,
Meeting no more to part.

[A Prayer for Peace—written during the war of the Rebellion.]

Father, our country bless,
Save from war's distress.
Author of light
In battle be Thou near,
Our friends protect so dear,
May they no danger fear,
Though called to fight.

Give courage to the weak,
May they Thy council seek,
Smile from above.

Where darkness reigns, send light,
There may God's cause shine bright,
Kept ever by Thy might,
Father of Love.

Bless Thou our Union men,
Their dear firesides defend;
Guard them ever.
May they the right pursue,
Success to them accrue,
Thy mercy ne'er misuse,
True men ever.

O Thou God of battle,
Wilt break the slaves shackle,
And set them free?
From tryanny them release,
O, may their bondage cease,
Through all the land reign peace,
Praise be to Thee.

KANSAS, October, 1863.

[Lines Addressed to my Sister — on the Birth of a Son.]

A wee bit child is born I hear;
Many the hearts, oh, may it cheer.
Fond parents, I wish you much joy,
In this your darling baby boy.

To you a holy trust is given,
To guide through life, lead to heaven

A spirit of immortal birth,
Of God's image, though now of earth.

To your keeping a jewel's lent,
For wise purposes to you sent;
To worship it oh! never dare,
But cherish it with tender care.

By your own lives the path show clear,
Which leads above, through doubts and fears;
And thus to you may grace be given
With yours, to journey on to heaven.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

How gently fell the autumn leaves,
When their brief life was oer,
Borne downward by the passing breeze,
They greet our gaze no more.

Life and beauty from them had fled,
But not so all their worth;
From waving boughs they quickly sped
To nourish mother earth.

But when again the sun's warm ray,
Shall life once more renew,
And the trees with verdure o'er lay,
They'll come to us anew.

Perchance not in the form of old,
For that has passed away,
But in another mold we're told
They'll live again some day.

May we from them a lesson learn,
This life is not our all;
Then from it let us gladly turn,
When our dear Lord may call.

Thus gently we should pass from earth,
Nor wistful look behind,
We go but to another birth;
We trust a purer clime.

If ought of worth we here have done,
'Twill live, though we are not,
And quickened by the Eternal Son
Endless will be its lot.

1863.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

[By order of President Lincoln, Nov. 26th, 1863.]

To-day, as a nation we join with one accord,
Lifting our hearts in grateful praise to the Lord,—
For his mercies hath He shed as free as the light;
Oh then, let us thank Him with our whole soul and might.
He hath given the sunshine, the rain and the dew,
With plenty, filling our barns and granaries, too;
The ground, of vegetables has yielded its share,
The vines and trees bowed, with their weight of fruit fair.
Though war has threatened our fair country to deform,

Upheld by God's kind hand, we still brave the
fierce storm;
And onward with vigor, we would battle with
wrong,
Till o'er all our land shall swell forth Freedom's
song.
Then, Heavenly Father, be with our soldiers brave,
Who, from their homes have gone forth their
country to save,
Give courage and wisdom in the hour of distress,
With victory's crown at last, their stern labors
bless.
Though from our midst, we mourn our noble
fallen sons,
For right they bravely fought, in death their re-
ward won.
In our hearts we will cherish their memories dear,
With their weeping friends, shed the sympathizing
tear;
Praying behind the cloud, they may discern God's
smile,
Cheering their lone way, while they tarry here
awhile.
We know affliction to his loved ones He doth send,
But with it, His loving kindness and strength doth
lend.
Then arise, all the nation! with thanksgiving
sing,
Till from shore to shore, with song the welkins
shall ring.

Shout forth your loud hosannas with one accord,
Praise ye with full hearts, our Father and our Lord;
'Tis He who has guided us, thus far on our way,
And will yet onward lead, to bright and peaceful days;
To him will we ascribe, glory, honor and praise,
Both now and evermore, when our voices we raise.

A FAST-DAY PRAYER.

[On Account of Reverses in the Army of the Union President Abraham Lincoln appointed a National Fast-day Aug. 4th, 1864.]

Father, to-day we seek Thy face,
And as a Nation, pray for grace;
Grace to lead us in the right,—
Oh, guide us ever by Thy light.

Humble our hearts we pray O Lord,
And shed Thy presence all abroad,
Oh, purge us from our many sins,
And deign to dwell our hearts within.

We pray our rulers true may be
To their country, themselves, and Thee,
And gird their armor on with might,
Looking to Thee, to bless the right.

To our soldiers true courage lend,
Who've gone forth Thy cause to defend;
May they Thy guidance always seek,
Trusting in Thee with spirit meek.

Thus through this conflict lead us on,
Till peace and liberty be won;
Then may all bow with one accord,
Ascribing glory to the Lord.

ONWARD-UPWARD.

As the water floweth onward,
So would I my course pursue;
Never halting, looking upward,
Though the path be rough and new,
Ever onward.

Though the stream be small and feeble,
Yet its course it never stays;
So by grace may I be able
To press onward, in God's way,
Though so feeble.

When o'er rocks the streamlet floweth,
Tending to the distant ocean,
Ever murmurs as it goeth,
Onward, onward, ever on—
As it floweth.

So when trials gather round me,
And dark clouds o'er cast my sky,
And my spirit faints within me,
Help me Lord, to look on high—
To me draw nigh.

And my cross, oh! help me bear,
Lest it prove too much for me;
Keep me Lord, from deep despair—
Hear me when I cry to Thee,
Hear my prayer.

And when I'm done with care and strife,
And none are exempt below,
Oh! give me that eternal life
Where streams immortal flow,
Eternal life.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Feb., 1866.

TO MY MUSE.

O, sweet poesy!
How thou my soul doth stir,
And call from out its depths,
Thoughts till now unknown,
And would ne'er have been born
But for thy sweet power.
Ah! how my soul doth love thee,
How love to roam enchanted
In thy deep labyrinths,
With nature communing;
And on wings fancy free
Soar far away; away
From evil that surrounds,
And aught that tries the soul.
Thou leadest from joy, to joy,
And thou, doth so impress

With lofty peacefulness,
That from my inward soul
I long thee to possess.
Thou for a while my mind
Doth fill, and o'er flowing
My cup with nectar sweet,
Give a taste of Heaven.

ELMWOOD,
CONCORD, MASS.

[To an Aunt—On the Death of her Husband.]

Gone before thee,—thy loved one's gone,
To the unknown gone before,
While thou lingering, tarry yet,
On this lowly mortal shore.

Gone before thee, yes, he's gone,
Free from pain, and strife, and care ;
He has reached the home immortal,
And no sorrow enters there.

Gone before thee, gone before thee,
While thou waiting, lonely feel,
But 'tis God who doeth all things,
He will all thy anguish heal.

Lean on Him and trust Him always,
Ever present He will be,
And the loved one gone before thee,
Soon on high will welcome thee.

Only waiting while God's reapers,
Bear the ripe sheaves, one by one,
Soon they'll come and take thee with them,
To the Father and His Son.
Mourn then not, though thou art left,
Longer yet thy fruit to bear,
But with patience press thou onward,
To that home surpassing fair.

[Thoughts Suggested from a Visit to the National Arlington Cemetery, Arlington, Va.]

Oh! wondrous fair, and hallowed spot,
Lovely by nature, enchanced by art;
Most fitting place for those, who for their
Country fought; and for it willing died.
Gathered with tenderest care from thousand
Battlefields, whose soil their life blood drank,
Here may they slumber undisturbed;
Ever to be by a Nation cherished,
In its heart embalmed, as hallowed sons.
Long as time shall last their noble deeds
Shall live in hearts of loyal blood;
Ages yet unborn shall tell how they fell
For God and Liberty.
Guarded by a Nation's love,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of their grave, but ever bright
The glory that gilds their deathless tomb.
They were our country's pride, our dear ones gone—
Honored soil that holds their sacred form.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., May, 1867.

BIRTHDAY SOLILOQUY.

"The years of man's life are threescore and ten."

I'm thirty-five, and half way home,
Half of life's journey o'er;
Half of its rough battles fought,
Half way the other shore;
Pausing, midway the stream of life,
In retrospect I look
Through all the past; then willing turn
To read the uncut book.
Onward, gaze I through the vista
Of the future all unseen,
Yet with trusting hope and courage
Launch my boat adown the stream;
Never doubting but the hand
Which thus far has led me on,
Still will guide me through life's conflict,
Till the victory be won.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 22, 1867.

[Written for the Children's Christmas Tree.]

O, come good Muse, attend I pray,
While I attempt a Christmas lay.
In olden times of joy and mirth,
When fires were made upon the hearth,
And 'bout them sat the old and young,
While jokes went round, and songs were sung,
Till lowly burned the blazing fire;
Then all would to their beds retire,

And in the quiet of the night,
With naught but stars, to give him light,
Old Santa Claus would come to town,
And many good things scatter round;
Leaving for each wee girl and boy
A pretty book or pleasing toy.
But now all things are strangely changed,
And in the chimneys stoves arranged,
So that in the cold December,
When Old Santa would remember
His yearly call on little ones,
He cannot down the chimney run,
Thus yielding to this new wrinkle,
He's sent his old wife, Kriss Krinkle,
Who now brings, as you all may see,
A beautiful bright Christmas tree,
Hoping of its fruit you may find
Gifts well pleasing to each mind.
Why, here's some boots of rubber made,
With nice warm flannel all inlaid,
They were not meant for a coward
Wonder if they'd fit our Howard,
And keep his feet both warm and dry?
Then to be a good boy you must try.
What is this for Helen, so bright?
'Tis knife and fork of silver white;
Use them with ease to eat, my dear,
Then place upon your plate quite near.
A rolling-pin is also found,
To make your pies, so smooth and round.

A bedstead, too, from cousin Grace,
With doll within, with nice washed face.
Shirts there are for Uncle Charley,
And a right smart hat for Harley,
A jacket, too, all bright and new,
May the heart beneath ere beat true.
And Paul, for you a fork is placed,
That you may eat with ease and grace.
And here is one for Parker, too,
Both made of silver bright and new.
Now, Arthur, I am sure will find
Books and toys pleasing to his mind.
Here is a cane for grandpa's hand,
To rest him when he walks or stands,
And for grandma and grandpa G.,
An Album Book, I plainly see,
To hold within the faces dear
Of children and friends far and near.
Tidies there are the chairs to cover,
To mention all I will not bother;
But now before I leave the town,
To each their gift will hand around.
Wishing you all a Christmas dear,
And also a happy New Year,
And while you all so joyful are
I must away and travel far,
And other homes make gladly bright,
On this most merry Christmas night.

MAPLE COTTAGE,
READING, MASS.

[To my Parents on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.]

A Holy Sabbath morn in May,
  Witnessed your plighted vows,
And often has the date recurred
  Till numbering fifty now.

Yes, half a century has passed o'er,
  Your wedded years together,
And you have toiled and faithful been
  Through fair and stormy weather.

Not often does the marriage bond,
  Remain thus long unbroken,
And by this we would recognize,
  Of Heavenly love a token.

Through all the long and changeful years,
  God's mercy has been given,
He's kept you through the trying hours,
  Then onward press to Heaven.

Sure common blessings without stint,
  Have been to you assigned,
And what is better far than wealth,
  A mind in all resigned.

Children have gamboled round your hearth,
  And four to manhood came,
Their children came in turn again
  To bear the Gowing name.

And may each wear it with the grace,
  That you have done so well,
And live an honor and a crown,
  Your praises long to tell.

Together on this sacred day,
The young and aged meet,
The snowy head, the lithe of limb,
All happy you to greet,

Rejoicing that so long you've dwelt,
In quiet paths below,
And thus may you continue on,
Your cup with love o'er flow.

And as you near the boundary line,
And worldly cares resign,
Through faith you upward look for rest,
The rest beyond the sky.

There may we all united meet,
Parents and kindred dear,
Meet where no parting ever comes,
Nor pain, nor sigh, nor tear.

May 29, 1869.

[To the Social Readers' Circle, Reading.]

Readers of the Social Circle,
Will you listen while I give you
Items from a southern state?
Way down south in Dixie's land,
Where the cotton grows so plenty,
With its blossoms one day buff,
And the next, behold, they are pink,
With its cups of milky whiteness.
How 'tis picked all through the autumn,

Gathered by the colored people,
Cup by cup, as each one opens,
Till the white frost comes in winter,
Nips the fingers of the pickers,
Spoils the goodness of the cotton.

Where tobacco grows abundant,
With its broad long leaf of green,
Drawing poison from surroundings
To impart to its consumers;
Sure, though slow, will work the poison,
Though in doses homeopathic.

Where the maze grows luxuriant,
A field, a forest looks to be,
Grows so high its feet to number
You must count quite into teens.
Where the wheat waves high in summer,
Gathering richness from the soil,
Gathering but to give again,
Richness in the full ripe grain.
Where the yam grows in perfection,
Large and yellow and quite toothsome.

Where the butter is not golden,
Neither is it hard as wax,
But the motes do much abound,
Or perchance a beam is found,
Giving it a cloudy hue,
Very much like quaker color.

Where the pigs roam at pleasure,
In the street and in the lanes,
Grunting at you as you pass them,

"GATHERED BY THE COLORED PEOPLE."

Rooting 'neath the garden fence,
Entering often unawares,
Digging all your choicest plants,
Eating what you prize the most.
Where you see the tree Magnolia,
With its large leaf thick and shining,
With its leaf of evergreen,
With its white and fragrant blossom,
Showering sweetness all around.
Where the Holly tree is found,
With its varnished leaf also,
With its prickly pointed leaves,
And its berries of bright red.
And the mistletoe dependent,
From the antique, dying trees,
Drawing life from out the dying,
Looking fresh through all the season,
Serves us well our rooms to garnish,
For the merry Christmas days.
Shall I tell you of the people,
Of the whites and of the blacks,
And all the shades that intervene,
How they all tobacco use,
Puffing smoke where'er they go,
Spitting pools of liquid poison,
Taking snuff by means of suction
From the ends of sharpened sticks?
Need I tell you that they "reckon,"
And at times they "disremember,"
And they meet you with a "how-dy,"

And quite oft they are "mighty weak,"
And then again they are "right smart,"
Or the weather is "right cold,"
That the children have a "paw,"
That they also have a "maw,"
For their relatives parental?
But to tell you all I cannot,
Of the rare things of the south,
Of the things that are quite lovely,
Of the things that vex the Yankee,
Or that give him great delight,
Things that meet one everywhere,
When they cross the line of Dixon.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb., 1870.

ANGEL VISITS.

An angel came to us by night,
With wings all spread, and garments white,
He came, we trembled at the sight,
Trembled for one, our household light.

Though short his stay our hearts he tore,
As soaring from our reach above,
Upward our darling boy he bore,
From earthly home, and parents' love.

* * * * * *

Again the angel came to us,
And rent our anguished hearts anew,
He came, and at the evening's hush,
Another took, from our number few.

But can a circle broken be,
That expanding enters heaven?
Transplanted there our children see,
Glorious life to them is given.

There in genial clime they'll flourish,
Growing in wisdom, perfect love;
Still for us affection cherish,
Drawing us to Heaven above.

Hushed, oh! hushed, then be all mourning,
Since with the Savior they are blest,
And our faith beholds them waiting
To greet us, to that land of rest.

READING, MASS., 1871.

[To a Young Married Couple.]

Looking from my window yesterday morn,
The earth I beheld as a bride, adorned;
Each tree, shrub, and flower were dressed in white;
And all imperfections were out of sight;
The snow so silently had fallen down,
Filling each nook, and covering the ground,
That quite unawares the robing was done,
And from the blue sky, shone forth the bright sun.

And thus, methought I, comes love to the heart,
Unsought, unheeded, its joys it imparts,
It envelopes the form, and robes with grace
The awkward figure, or the plainest face;

And those that by nature, with beauty are blessed,
True love will adorn, more than art, or dress:
It softens all blemish, with patience bears
The freaks, and follies, humanity heirs.

To the bride and groom of yesterday night,
We wish this love, your pathway to light;
'Twill soften life's trials, its joys increase,
Encircling your home with sunshine and peace.
And thus as the seasons pass on and o'er,
Your affection will strengthen more and more,—
And since from sorrow none here are free,
May yours, by tender mercy, tempered be.

MAPLE COTTAGE,
READING, MASS.

THE PASTOR'S RIDE.

'Twas a lovely day for winter,
The air so soft and mild,
And there being naught to hinder,
The Pastor took a ride.

And what was quite unusual,
The fair Priscilla went,—
Their happiness was mutual,
For love its presence lent.

The sleighing, it was very fine,
Though what cared they for that?
Nor heeded they how sped the time,
Since they with each could chat.

As on they went with merry glide,
He thought, "how nice 'twould be,
To have her ever by my side,
A loving wife to be."

So when again they crossed a bridge,
(For several lay that way,)
He took the time when on a ridge,
The lover's words to say.

Then she with honest truth replied,
"With you to live were bliss."
He pressed her closely to his side,
And on her lips a kiss.

[To the Social Readers' Circle, of Reading.]

Where the hills of Hampden tower,
Towering toward the ether blue,
Clothed with varied colored verdure,
Touched with gold at sunset view;
Where the waters of the Quaboag,
Coiling, wind the valley through,
There, on what is called Mt. Bunyan,
Partly up its rugged height,
Where the air is pure and bracing,
Where the view is quite enchanting,
Overlooking all the valley,
And the village known as Palmer,
Where the railroads form a junction,
Branching to the north and southward,

Clasping hands with east and west;
There upon this Mt. of Bunyan,
In the town of ancient Monson,
Stands a mansion nobly grand,
With its stories four in number,
With its wings to right and left
Turning backward, then again,
Circling nearly round a square;
With its rooms so large and airy,
With its halls so broad and lengthy,
With its chapel so commodious,
With its school-rooms six in number,
With its hospital for sickness,
With its office and its shops.
Where the children recreate,
With its lawns of velvet green
Shaded by the elm and maple.

Here the State have formed a school,
For the children of the poor;
Those, who have no homes to live in,
Those, who yielding to temptation,
And committing slight offences,
Here are sent to dwell awhile
In this Primary School of State.

Here, they find both home and friends,
Find a hand to help them onward,
Onward, up the hill of science,
Onward, up the ladder moral,
Onward, till they reach the summit.

And here they study, work, and play,

Much as children elsewhere do,
While the teachers, eight in number,
Finding soil that needs much culture,
Soil that's rough, and soil quite shallow,
Soil that's hopeful for the future,
Sow the seed broadcast and plenty,
Knowing not who'll reap the harvest.
Here, I'm tarrying for a while
And my friends, "The Social Readers,"
As you meet with members many,
Here and there, in each one's dwelling,
Slighting none who kindly ask you,
I here send my greetings to you,
Praying that you slight me not;
But my compliments receiving,
In the pleasant month of June,
Month of pinks and roses fragrant,
Gather in the parlors ample,
Of the Primary School of State,
On the mountain known as Bunyan,
Near the Palmer railroad station,
East of Springfield fifteen miles,
There to meet your friend and member.

MONSON, MASS. June 1st, 1872.

[On the Rededication of a Church.]

Behold our church renewed;
Its walls of modest hue,
A pleasant place.

And as we gather here,
To gain from Pastor dear,
Good words of Gospel cheer,
Lord, Give us grace!

With gratitude we meet,
Around this mercy seat,
Father, draw near!
Hear Thou, our joyful lays,
Accept our heartfelt praise,
For guidance in Thy ways
Through all the years.

And may the future be,
Blessed by Thy grace so free,
Smile from above!
To doubting souls give light,
Here may Thy cause shine bright,
Kept ever by Thy might,
Father of love.

DISREGARDED BLESSINGS.

Through verdant fields I roamed one day,
To gather flowers methought;
The modest bloom along the way,
The air with fragrance fraught.

Though fair the blossoms at my feet,
To pluck I waited still,
For should I not abundance meet
My hands at once to fill?

And scorning thus to pluck but one,
I wandered long that day,
And failed to have by set of sun,
The much desired bouquet.

But she who walked my side along,
The very path with me,
Whose heart attuned with grateful song,
Could common blessings see.

Slighted not the humblest flower,
But gathered one by one;
And thus when came the evening hour,
Her hands with bloom o'er run.

From this would I a lesson glean,
God's blessings strew our way,
Though singly they but trifles seem,
United, a bouquet.

Accept each then with thankful heart,
Nor wait for showers of love,
Each humble gift will joy impart,
Fore-taste of life above.

MONSON, 1873.

[Birthday Lines Addressed to a Gentleman who Fifty Years Old was Not Willing to Tell His Age.]

As seventy years their course have run,
Since first your eyes beheld the sun,
Your friends would join and reverence pay,
In celebrating your birthday.

The Muse would join the happy throng,
And with her voice the strain prolong,
Wishing you in a tuneful lay,
Many recurrences of the day,
Hoping as the years roll on and o'er,
You'll gain in wisdom more and more,
And when to seventy you add a score,
Oh then, deny your age no more.

MONSON, 1873.

A VISIT TO ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In the lovely days of autumn,
When the leaves were golden tinged,
When the leaves were bright as scarlet,
For the frost breath had been roaming,
Touching all the foliage green,
Touching lightly the bright blossoms,
Painting all the forest trees,
Painting them in rainbow hues,
Teaching them to close their portals,
Ere Old Boreas grim and stern,
Bound them in his icy fold.

When the summer, young and blooming,
Summoned was to quit her stay,
And regretting that the mandate
Though so stern, she must obey,
Quite reluctant halted, lingered,
Coquetting coyed with winter gray,
Then returning, backward sent
O'er the earth her gentle breath,

Softening all the chilly blast,
Till the air grew soft and mellow,
Forming thus the Indian summer.

In these lovely days of autumn,
Come I to the forest city,
City of the wheaten mills,
City neat, with home-like dwellings,
With their gardens all around them,
Neatly kept and bright with flowers;
City through which flows a river,
River known as "Muddy water,"
River known as "Genesee,"
Flows and falls right through the city;
On its banks are many mills,
Mills of stone where wheat is ground,
Mills whose flour is famed around,
Mills that worked are, by the water,
Waters of the Genesee,
As it floweth to the ocean,
Through the Lake Ontario.

Here came I one day in autumn,
Turning entered street St. Paul,
Passed the old stone church St. Paul,
Paused before a noble dwelling,
Home of the Clarkson family,
Dwelling shaded by ancient trees,
Pointing skyward were their branches;
Pointing high above the dwelling.
And the fruit trees rich were laden,
Laden with the fruit of autumn,

And the grapevine covered arbor,
Heavy hung with clusters rare,
And the sunbeams stealing in,
Flung their fragrance far and near.
Dotted was the lawn with flowers,
Flowers bright with autumn tints;
Hanging baskets graced the portals,
Creeping vines the posts entwined.
Singing birds gave forth their music,
Trilling sweetly notes of cheer.
In this spot so like an Eden,
Tarried I, kind friends among.
Tarrying, rested from my labors,
Chatted with the pleasant people,
Read the authors old and young,
Croquetting strolled about the lawn,
Drove around the suburbs fair,
Strayed the pleasant walks among;
Climbed the winding stair to tower,
Powers tower ascending high,
Gazing far beheld the city,
City hid among forest trees;
O'erlooked church spires towering high,
Gazed within each comic mirror,
Admiring gazed on beauty rare;
Rowed with friends upon the river,
Dreaming rowed I down the river,
River of the Genesee,
Called by Indians, "Muddy water."
Gathered leaves of autumn dye,

Gathered memories long to last,
Memories of those autumn days.
Pleasant was my stay in R.,
Pleasant all the hours there spent.
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Pleasant memories brought I back.

MONSON, 1874.

PARTING THOUGHTS.

[To Sister Teachers of the State Primary School of Monson, Mass.]

"We friends have met,
Like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse,
One little hour, so short, so sweet,
And then away they speed on lonely paths
To meet no more."

Voyaging o'er life's surging stream,
Our barks were brought together;
Floated awhile with naught between,
Through changing tide and weather.

Hailing each with friendly greeting,
Pleasantly we sailed aside,
Stronger feeling for the meeting,
Helping each to stem the tide.

But now our paths diverging tack,
The haven's hid from eye,
Once bound for that we turn not back,
Though breaking waves dash high.

As on our course we forward speed,
Through changing tide and wind,
Remembrance will often heed,
The pleasures left behind.

We'll not regretful for them pine,
For, like the flowers past,
They shed their perfume in their time,
And still the fragrance lasts.

And should their memory serve to light,
Some future shady hour,
We'll view them as a blessing bright;
Oft seek their magic power.

And should we not together meet,
This side the peaceful shore;
There may we each, the other greet,
Where parting comes no more.

1874

WORKING FOR THE LORD.

"Go work today," the Master said,
"Work in my vineyard" all!
Lord by Thy Holy Spirit led,
We would obey Thy call.

Something to do Thou hast for each,
Then who may idle stand,
Since perishing souls are in our reach,
Near, and in distant land?

'Tis not for all to cross the sea,
And leave their friends most dear,
But here at home for you and me,
Doth work enough appear.

Like those of old, we may uphold,
The hands of those that strive
To bring within the Savior's fold,
Souls brought by love divine.

Then sisters, let us work and pray,
Though few we are and weak,
If willing we our offering lay,
A blessing it will meet.

[Lines to a Friend Accompanying a Silver Mustard-cup.]

My friend, when you the mustard mix,
Within this little cup,
Just think of her who gave it you,
Who oft with you did sup,
And may the mustard of your life,
Be all within the cup,
Rather than in your temper, dear,
Contention to stir up.

[To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Howes on their Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary. July 29th, 1874.]

Retrospecting with "Father Time,"
As we oft like to do,

We pause to view in forty-nine,
A pair of lovers true.

Who, thinking 'tis but half of life,
To scale its steeps apart,
Resolved to share the one hand strife,
By joining hand and heart.

And so, my friends, you early wed,
As all wise lovers do,
And through these many years have led,
A constant life and true.

And now behold in seventy-four,
Your wedding-day recurring,
You ope to friends your cottage door,
To honor silver-wedding.

Not alone in plate is silver found,
But on the brow o'erspreading,
And e'en your love is silver crowned,
By years of mutual blending.

Children you've welcomed, one by one,
Till six we count tonight;
Of daughters three, and three of sons,
Your hearts and home to light.

And children's children, one at least,
With merry prattling song,
A little Robin here we meet,
Oh! may her life be long.

(They are, we trust, well governed all,
Since laws the father makes,

For in the Legislative Hall,
His seat has been of late.

Standing firm for reformation,
In all its means and ways;
Female suffrage, prohibition,
Ne'er from him received a "nay.")

Now as "Old Time" his curcuit runs,
This date recurring often,
Peacefully may your days glide on,
Reaching the wedding golden.

[Hymn written for and sung at the Installation of Rev. J K. Ewer, as Pastor of Salem Street Baptist Church. Reading, Mass. Sept. 9th, 1874.]

Our Father draw Thou near,
To bless Thy people here;
Our Pastor bless:
Fill Thou his heart with light,
Direct him by Thy might,
To lead these souls aright,
In righteousness.

May all united be,
Willing to work with Thee,
Thy name to praise.
Father, this church increase,
From sin all souls release,
Ever to live in peace,
Through endless days.

Oh, may the future be
Blessed by Thy grace so free,—

Smile from above
On this relation new,
May flock, and shepherd, too,
Their vows with Thee renew,
Kept by Thy love.

[To Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wadlin on their Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary. Sept. 12th, 1874.]

Centuries have their cycles run,
Since wedded love was given
To bless the life of man below,
A sweet foretaste of heaven.

One fourth a century you have proved,
The richness of this love;
And looking through the vista passed,
Wonder they have gone so soon.

Each added year has deepened love,
Proving the union wise;
Behold these children with you here,
A pledge of wedded ties.

Flowers along your path have sprung,
Diffusing fragrance rare;
What though a thorn at times appeared,
The rose was passing fair.

Thus, 'mid flowers and blessings bright,
May future years go on;
And love grow perfect as the sands
From out life's glass shall run.

A WELCOME TO OUR PASTOR REV. J. K. E.

Servant of God! we welcome thee
To dwell our midst among;
Our hearts and homes we open free,
And warmly bid thee come.

We meet thee on the christian ground
Of flock and pastor dear;
May christian love alway abound,
With trust our hearts to cheer.

Dispensing thee, the living bread,
As found in Holy Writ,
May precious souls to Christ be led,
Beneath His smile to sit.

Thy hands by prayer we would uphold,
And praying work with thee;
In union there is power untold,
May ours be strong with thee.

And may the union long endure,
Blessed by the love divine,
His presence will all good ensure,
The gold from dross refine.

READING, MASS., Sept. 1874.

HIGHER LIFE—A SIMILE.

Within the narrow bounds his cage
Did limit, an eagle dwelt; long years

Confined he'd been within its range,
His strength unused; the power great
Inborn in him to soar and rise
Above mere common things in life,
Had dormant lain through all these years.
Vain were to him those pinions broad,
And useless, aimless, his fettered life.
His untamed nature chafed the power
Which held him prisoner.
Thus time went on,—
At last a hand unloosed the confine
Of his cage, and bade him go forth free.
Forth from his prison with timid, cautious
Joy he steps, uncertain of the strength
Which had idle lain so long. His wings
To action quite unused he stretched out
Tremblingly at first, repeating oft
The motion till at last the dormant
Power revives; through vein and sinew
New life thrills, and courage coming
With each attempt now bold he grows,
And with a yearning strong for higher life,
Fixes his eager eye on heights above,
And with a steady purpose upward soars.
Soaring up, and up, and upward still,
Stronger growing as he upward soars;
At last, 'mid clouds is lost to sight—
Above the clouds soars strong and free
Exulting in his liberty.

* * * * *

Thus man, by God created, in His
Image made, with noble power blest,
To earth by sin is pinioned,
Talents inborn in him, his God
To glorify, dormant lie.
Love, which should the world embrace,
Is stinted to a selfish bound:
And where freedom should exist
Is narrowness of mind. Where peace
And harmony should dwell, restless
Discontent the spirit chafes,
With longings unattained his life
Goes on, till by the Spirit touched,
His bonds are loosed ; a new life dawns,
Powers long slumbering revive,
The world so full of light and love
A new creation seems, and he
A different being. His shackles
Fallen, with timid joy he tries
His strength to reach a higher plane,
And finds but weakness. Persisting
In the effort latent force returns,
Which using, that, is multiplied.
And so he upward goes, upward,
Upward, aiming higher still—
And thus by strength God given,
Rising above life's common things
Leaves the clouds which long had o'er
Him hung their lowering brow, —
Above the clouds soars strong and free,
Exulting in the peace of God.

December 1874.

THE FISHERMEN.

On the lake, the men all night had toiled,
And taken nothing, weary in body,
And sick at heart, they approached the shore.
Pressed by the multitude the word to hear,
The Savior sought the ship, and putting
Out from land, the listening people taught.
Ending His lesson, He to Simon spake:
"Launch out into the deep, your nets let down!"
Obedient to the Savior's voice,
Though all night they'd toiled and taken nothing,
Into deep waters launched they forth, the net
Let down. No sooner was this done, than, lo!
The multitude of fishes the net did break.
As then with Simon, so now with us,
The Savior present is; and He bids us
Launch out; into deep waters send our nets.
Though we, weary and sick with all night toil,
Fain would our nets forsake, the oars lay down,
Like Simon, hearing the dear Master's voice,
May well reply with faith and courage new:
At Thy word we will let down the nets,
And lo! fishers of men we may become,
Precious souls save, and our Lord glorify.

[To the Ladies of the Baptist Church in Behalf of the Women's Missionary Society.]

I will tell you if you'll listen,
Of our Women's Mission Circle,

How it was formed a year ago,
Formed to help the heathen women,
Women living in heathen land,
Living there in utter darkness,
Living there despised, degraded;
Knowing naught of God who made them,
Knowing naught of Christ who loves them,
Knowing naught of Christian life,
Living scarce above the brutes.

And such as these, we should have been,
Without the light of Gospel Truth,
Without the foolishness of preaching.

With these blessings all around us,
Blessings free for all to share,
Freeing us from slavish passions,
Lifting us to Christian lives,
Fitting us for bliss eternal,
Can we, dare we, refuse our aid
Thus to help our heathen sisters,
Give to them the Gospel teachings,
Raise them from a life degraded,
Fit them for a life eternal?

Small the offering we would ask,
Only two cents from each weekly,
Two cents weekly throughout the year,
And then a dollar will appear.

But methinks I hear one say,
Every cent at home is needed,
Times are hard and money scarce,
Sure we've naught to give the heathen.

Listen now to Christ's own teaching,
Teaching full of love and promise:
Thy bread upon the water cast
To find it after many days,
"Give, and to you shall be given,"
Measure full, pressed down, running o'er,
Sell that ye have and give alms,
Thus in heaven your treasure lay.
And when the ruler came to Christ
The way to life eternal asked.
With tender feeling Christ replied:
"Sell all thou hast, give to the poor."
Alas! sorrowing he went away
For great were his possessions.
Let none of us thus turn away,
Away from the Christ our Savior,
And thus refuse the blessing sought,
Through love of worldly treasure.
But rather let us bring our goods,
According as God has blest us;
The widow's mite accepted is
Alike with the rich man's bounty.
Should these younger sisters ask me,
How they from weekly earnings small,
For the heathen aught can offer?
I would thus my answer give them:
Wear on your dress one ruffle less,
Your hat without a feather;
No ribbon crown your head of hair,
No gew-gaws deck your person,

No candy pass your lips between.
With these few rules quite strictly kept,
Throughout the year now opening,
You'll find, my friends, I'm quite assured,
More than the two cents ready,
And for each sacrifice you make
A blessing will surely follow.

1875.

WRITTEN FOR A MARRIAGE RECEPTION.

How incomplete was God's great work,
Till wedded love was given
To bless the life of man below,—
A sweet foretaste of Heaven.

His wisdom saw it was not good
For man alone to be,
So crowned His own creative work
By woman,—fair was she.

'Twas at a marriage that the Christ,
When wine in vain was sought,
Honored the rite by power divine,
His first great miracle wrought.

Oh, happy marriage! blessed indeed
By presence from above;
Oh! sacred rite, supremely blest
By God's own Son of love.

And is He not with us this eve,
To bless this couple here?

Surely as at the Cana feast,
Though unseen He is here.

Yes, He will bless your marriage vows,
Witnessed by Him above;
His benediction fills your cup
With wine of Holy love.

Should passing shade flit o'er your sky,
His love the cloud will line;
And thus the shade will seem to make
The sun more brightly shine.

Now, as you've launched your wedded bark
To stem the tide together,
His watchful hand the helm will guide
Securely, through all weather.

With such a pilot at the helm,
Though unseen be the haven,
Triumphantly the waves you'll ride
Till anchored safe in Heaven.

Sept. 1875.

[Hymn Sung at the Dedication of Centennial Hall, Nashville, Tenn.]

Our Father and our Lord,
We would with one accord,
Thy presence seek.
Giver of Liberty
We dedicate to Thee
This building, let it be
Thy mercy seat.

Long may this structure stand,
An honor to our land
And Thee above.
Here Father show Thy face,
Kept ever by Thy grace
O Lord, of love.

Our hearts with joy o'er run,
For all Thy love has done,
Oh, heavenly Friend.
We'll praise Thee for the past,
We'll trust Thee to the last,
Thy hand hold firm and fast,
Even to the end.

Sept.. 1876.

A LESSON FROM A CHILD.

While musing in my room alone,
The day's toil scarce begun,
I thought how little seed I'd sown,
What feeble work I'd done.

How little that my Father kind,
Could love to look upon;
How little there that He could find
To merit His, "Well done."

And yet I knew with zeal I tried,
My talent to increase;
O'er frequent errors oft had sighed,
And from them sought release,—

When bounding to my side just then,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
Came darling, loving, little Nell,
With flowers of varied hue.

Oh, see the blossoms I have brought,
All sparkling fresh with dew;
Over the hill and vale I sought,
And plucked each one for you.

My darling I drew to my heart,
Her face with joy was beaming,
I knew her young and artless heart,
With love for me was teeming.

So the gift she brought to me,
I took with tender heed;
What matter that they proved to be,
Nothing but common weeds?

'Twas the best the child could do,
Within her narrow sphere;
The simple act of love so true,
Taught me a lesson here.

'Tis thus our Father from above,
Reading our motives clear,
Accepts our feeble acts of love,
Though seeming worthless here,

If doing them we do our best,
Though crude and common all;
But trusting God we in Him rest,
Obey His humblest call.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept., '76.

GIVING.

Richest blessings daily meet us
From the hand of love above,
Falling in abundant measure,
On the creatures of His love.
Clothing the earth with beauty fair,
Freely the sun gives heat and light;
Moon and stars though feebler far,
Scatter the darkness of the night.

Refrain.

Be not weary then in giving,
Giving as the Lord doth give,
Giving freely of our living,
Give for Him, then with Him live.

Singing birds give forth their music,
Joyful in the light of day,
Sweetest flowers lend their fragrance,
While their beauty cheers our way;
Earth of its abundance yielding,
Gives alike of good to all,
Sowing freely in the spring-time,
You a harvest reap in fall.

Surely man by grace endowed,
Giving may not stay his hand.
Justly as the Lord has dealt,
Scatter broadcast o'er the land.
Of your prayers and alms, oh! give,
Freely give of charity,

Words of love and courage give;
Doing all in purity.

1877.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

A nation pauses this spring-day,
Stays for a while its wheels of toil,
Reverently its gift to lay,
On the dear graves in honored soil.

We love this tribute thus to bring,
In memory of our heroes gone;
Long as we live, we fain would sing,
Their loyal deeds in grateful song.

They nobly for our country fought,
And for our country, bravely fell;
The blessings that their labor wrought,
Nations unborn will love to tell.

We honor not alone the dead
But all, who loved our country true;
And for it fought, and willing bled,
We honor all, "The boys in blue."

And we will prize this freedom dear,
Freedom by precious blood twice bought.
Our fathers blood was shed once here;
We thank the Lord for what He's wrought.

As year by year we wend our way,
Each soldier's green turf grave bedecking,

We find that each Memorial Day,
Brings new ones to our careful reckoning.

Directing us there meets our view,
(Its sacred vigil constant keeping,)
The banner dear, red, white and blue,
Where patriot sons lie silent, sleeping.

And thus our ranks are thinning fast,
As one by one, is bidden "Home";
And soon the reaping will be past.
Full well we know that time must come.

1877.

[To Miss E. R., a Member of the Social Readers on her Fiftieth Birthday. July 16th, 1877.

In Dorchester, Mass., that good old town,
Whose fame is known the country round,
I'm told, my friend, that you were born,
Though I know not was it night or morn?
Or, what your previous form had been,
Whether ape, or bird, care not a pin;
Turning rather to the fifty years,
Since you became a biped here;
And from a wee infant grew apace,
As others do of the human race;
Through teething, measles, and the mumps,
You passed in safety, including bumps.
Your childish freaks, you had no doubt,
And now and then, indulged in pouts;

But all things pass away, away,
And so, did these, and childhood days.
And then to teach the young idea
In Slab City you had no fear;
But next we find you in a store,
Displaying goods, instead of lore.
Another move, and a change of State,
Where wooden nutmegs grew of late;
What freaks of fortune and of fate,
Befell you there, I'll not relate,
And why you did not choose to mate,
Is not my business, any rate.
But shortly to this town you came,
And set up business in the same;
Lo, here a wonder shows itself,
That you've not lacked the sordid pelf
Through all these twenty years and more,
To pay your debts and something more;
Your note has ne'er protested been
Because you failed to have the tin;
But through the ups and downs of trade,
You've kept along, about the same.
For reasons good, I know not what,
To be a woman was your lot;
Thus the privilege you never had,
To cast your vote for good or bad,
And for the State ne'er held an office,
Though in that line you are no novice,
As many here can witness bear
In private life you've had your share —

Director, Vice, President, too,
And always zealous proved and true.
With "Liberal Ladies" you have worked,
And from your duty never shirked.
No reading-band was quite complete,
When you filled not the critic's seat.
In heat, in cold, by moonlight bright,
In mud, in slosh, the darkest night
You bent you steps, now here, now there,
To read and hear thoughts new and rare.
Another wonder I will show,
That you are willing all should know
Your age; it's that which brought us here,
To celebrate your fiftieth year.
Through all these years a maiden free,
By your own choice you've dared to be,
Proving that alone to walk life's path,
Than ill-mated be, is better by half.
Now, when you to the nineties come,
We hope to meet you in your home,
A palatial mansion on Lake View,
Where your friends will gather not a few,
To celebrate once more the day,
When you, my friend, first came this way.

* * * * * *

Now Emily, as your friends, we
A little offering bring,
A letter we have writ, you see,
'Tis but a trifling thing,

And yet when you have conned it o'er,
And learned each secret hid,
Perhaps my friend, you'll "ask for more,"
As Oliver Twist once did.

Just how this secret to invest,
I'll answer for us all,
(That on the subject you may rest;)
Go buy an India shawl,
Or, if your taxes are unpaid,
A heavy weight to bear,
To cancel them be not afraid,
And thus relieve a care.

Or, would you like a trip to take,
To gain new strength, you know,
To sea-side, mountain, or the lake,
Just take this note and go.
Or, would you rather let it be,
Against your wedding tour,
To that we gladly will agree,
And wish you joy, I'm sure.

WRITTEN FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

Like halting places on a toilsome road,
These anniversaries are;
Where, pausing we throw off our 'customed load,
And gazing down the vista far,
Reviewing all the past, new courage gain,
To help us on o'er hill, and pleasant plain.

Thus you, my friends, through five and twenty years
Of wedded life, look back tonight,
And record make of joys, as well as tears,—
Though clouds anon o'er cast the light,
Through darkness broke the sun in God's own time,
And after storm brighter seemed the sunshine.

'Mong the toilers you early found your place,
And reaching out to those around,
Have sought to help your neighbor in the race,
Where heavenly comfort you have found;
Thus working, your own souls have nobler been,
And holy joy and peace have reigned within.

Now looking onward from your stand tonight,
With hearts enlarged and full of love,
Hopefully you gaze with pure delight
Beyond the mist, to that home above,
Where after life's work, you may sweetly rest,
And live the perfect life among the blest.

[Lines Written for and read at the Thirteenth Reunion of the Mass. 21st Regiment. 1877.]

Ho! veterans of the twenty-first,
We gladly come today,
To spend an hour of social mirth
And bring our humble lay;
The Muse is proud to meet with you,
And willing lends her hand,

To cheer with words of valor true,
The heroes of our land.

Dearer grown is our country fair,
Since by your arms defended;
And rich the blessings and more rare,
While love and hope are blended.
We would not fight old battles o'er,
But let them buried be,
From scenes of war and cannons roar,
May we be ever free.

Since all our land of peace can tell,
Our hearts with joy o'erflow,
The darkened past we'll blot out well,
And naught but good will sow,
Since bloody war we wage not now,
We'll wage the war with sin,
Till to the truth all else shall bow,
And love shall dwell within.

That in the future we may be,
A nation strong and pure,
And this the heritage shall be,
To all who may endure
No north, or south, no east or west,—
Oh! then the victory!
A country grand, supremely blest,—
A future noble, free.

[To Mr. D. H. W. on His Fifty-eighth Birthday.]

Through our kind Father's love and care,
Life's wondrous threads, so frail and fair,

To each of us are given;
And artless hands the shuttles ply,
To weave a web that ne'er will die,
Progressing e'en in Heaven.

Sometimes when passions stir the soul,
Or waves of trouble o'er it roll,
Unsightly flaws appear;
Then gaining skill as we go on,
The wool and warp more smoothly run,
The tangles disappear.

For eight and fifty years, my friend,
Weaving this web of life you've been,
By love and duty led;
When unskilled hands the shuttles plied,
How often, often, have you sighed,
Seeing the tangled threads.

Then with the past before your view,
You wove again, with courage new,
A better work to do;
By patient care, with help Divine,
The texture grew then, smooth and fine,
The tracings far more true.

Now with hands made strong and willing,
Fill the rest with a golden filling
For all eternity;
For the weaving here will soon be o'er,
Continuing on the other shore,
Perfected there to be.

1878.

MEMORIAL HYMN. May 1878.

Our honored dead! again we come,
  Their memories fresh to keep;
Again our floral offerings bring,
  To strew the graves wherein they sleep.
Though simple as the act may seem,
  'Tis a tribute from the heart,
To our country's cherished martyrs,
  Who for freedom, bore their part.

Fresh as these blooms, our love remains,
  While years have onward rolled;
Sweet as these blooms, the memory dear,
  Of our heroes still we hold.
As yearly to this spot we come,
  Our loyal love attesting,
We learn how priceless was the work,
  Of those who here are resting.

Our honored dead, their work is done,
  While ours is yet to do;
They fought the war of blood and strife,
  And won the victory too.
'Tis ours to wage the war with sin,
  From evil free our land,
Then marshal all the good and true,
  A heroic loyal band.

That in the future we may be,
  A people pure and strong;
And this the heritage shall be,
  To those who conquer wrong:

A nation free from party strife,
Oh! then the victory grand,
A noble country, richly blest,
Far famed and honored land.

[To a Gentleman on His Fiftieth Birthday.]

Half a century! yes, fifty years,
Life's battles you have fought,
The many victories wrought
Were bought with sacrifice and tears.

Childhood, then youth, and manhood, now,
'Tis full meridian time,
Silver hair, deepened line,
As marks of honor crown your brow.

Though fifty years you've fought so well,
The test will not be o'er
Till anchored on the shore
Where care and trouble never dwell.

Then gird your armor on anew,
With courage make it bright
To battle for the right,
And keep your heart warm, pure and true.

Then will old age be very bright,
And like the purest wine,
Which richer grows by time,
Assume at last a flavor rare.

Mar., 1879

DIFFERENT WAYS.

How unlike ours were the ways,
In ancient times, our grandsires days.
About the Sabbath spent so well,
I purpose now a bit to tell.
The children went on foot to church,
And toed the mark, or felt the birch;
The men then rode upon horseback,
The wife behind on a pillion sat;
In winter time a foot-stove took,
For with the cold they often shook,
Putting inside a large bright coal,
Then some ashes, the heat to hold.
In summer time, each took with heed,
Sprigs of lovage, or caraway seed,
To nibble as they went along,
And during sermon time and song.
They worshiped God on hard board seats,
And turned them up when on their feet;
When all the people rose and sang,
Up went the seats with quite a bang.
The tunes with metre long and short,
Were started with a tuning fork;
Each one with hand the time did beat,
Or, sometimes tapped it with their feet.
They stood through prayers, both short and long,
To sit in prayer were deemed a wrong;
The preacher in a box stood high,
With sounding-board his head quite nigh;
The sermons were of marvelous length,
Displaying talent and great strength;

And frightful to the children small,
Was the tithing-man with staff so tall,
For when the parson preaching well,
Of twentieth began to tell,
And they to fidget in their seats,
Rapping, he pointed their eye to meet.
When the morning service was o'er,
They gathered all around the door;
The men talked of weather and the crops,
The price of potatoes, beans and hops;
"The grass was growing rank and tall,
Would have a heavy crop in fall;"
"That last shower came just in time;"
"Squire Jones had bought some oxen fine."
The women talked of this and that,
Eating their luncheon while they sat.
One told of someone very ill,
Had the doctor, who gave blue pill.
"The deacon's folks the measles had;"
"Polly Smith's cough was proper bad."
Then when the hour for lunch was o'er,
They took their seats much as before,
And listened to a sermon long,
Mingled with prayers, and psalms and song.
The service o'er they homeward went,
But ere the day was fully spent,
Some time they took by light of candle,
Theological snarls to untangle.
Ere the children to bed were sent,
All through the catechism they went,

Learning what man's chief end should be,
About adoption, and decrees,
Election, justification,
Free grace, and santification.
Thus was the Sabbath spent so well
In olden times I've heard them tell.
Now view the change that time has wrought,
And all the comforts it has brought.
We ride to church in carriage fine,
Quite glad we live in modern time ;
Carpeted aisles make soft the tread,
As to our seats by ushers led ;
The pews all cushioned soft appear ;
The tuneful organ greets our ear,
And while the quartette sing and trill,
We of sweet music drink our fill.
The sermons brief and polished sound,
From cultured lips, with periods round.
And as we sit in prayer, or song,
The service cannot weary long.
So at its close we stay awhile,
To study 'bout the Bible times,
Then in the porch we stop awhile,
Much as they did in olden time.
Then to our homes we speed away,
To spend the P. M. as we may ;
Some like to sleep, or read, or talk,
Others prefer to ride, or walk.
Each spends the time as seemeth well,
In various ways I may not tell.

When the evening comes along,
We meet again for prayer or song;
Then lads selecting each a lass,
Escort them home by light of gas.
Now to the future let us look,
And take a peep within that book.
Its pages are uncut you see,
But they will ope for you and me,
Disclosing wonders very great,
Which I will now, to you relate.
No churches then will meet the eye,
With steeple towering to the sky,
No clanging bell will then be heard,
The Sabbath quiet to disturb.
Sabbath day's journey one need not take,
But only a ride for pleasure's sake,
Since church going is no more,
Pronounced by all to be a bore.
The mother sits the cradle by,
The father in the hammock lies,
The fragrant air denotes the brand,
Of choice cigar within his hand.
'Mid puffs of smoke he turns a crank,
Forth comes a sermon of highest rank.
Eloquent and terse, it stirs the heart,
Thanks, thanks, to phonographic art.
Then wishing some fine tune to hear,
They place the telephone to the ear,
And sweetest strains of music thrill,
And heart and soul with rapture fill;

From far away the voice may come,
But each can hear it in their home.
Now which way think you is best,
To spend the day of holy rest?

1879.

[To a Lady on her One Hundred and Fourth Birthday. Oct. 12,1879.]

The years are one hundred and four,
Since life to you was given,
And as you look the decades o'er,
Let praise ascend to heaven.

Just let us backward take a look,
One hundred years or more,
Our country then by war was shook,
By force from foreign shore.

Then followed peace with quiet tread,
And liberty so true,
Enjoying which men's minds were led,
To seek inventions new.

Printing and steam, each took their turn,
To help the onward move,—
By telegraph we soon could learn,
All things beneath the moon.

In household arts, advance was made,
As you can well attest,
For spinning-wheel and loom are laid,
In attic now to rest.

Instead of roasting o'er the coals,
With face all red with heat,
In stove or range we bake our rolls,
And also cook our meat.

Again, the curse of war was laid,
Upon our country dear;
And life and blood, the price they paid,
For freedom far and near.

Now with the loyal stripes and stars,
Through all the land unfurled,
Onward's the watchward near and far,
Discovering things unheard.

By phonograph and telephone,
Which Edison has found out,
From distant friends we hear their tone,
And learn what they're about.

And you have lived these changes through,—
Another still I note.
It comes this year unique and new;
Yes, women now can vote.

How broad a range your life looks o'er;
Events of mighty weight,
Have shook the land from shore to shore,
And make the century great.

And now your labor all complete,
Upon the brink you stand,
Waiting the call loved ones to meet,
And join the spirit band.

[To the Keeper of the Town Farm and His Wife.]

What a lot of tramps you have to-night,
And rather strange ones, too;
The fathers of the town I see,
And others not a few.

To sup on crackers and ginger-tea,
Is that what brought them here?
Not that, but 'tis your wedding eve,
They come to wish good cheer.

You, Sir, our ways have looked to well,
In cold and summer heat,
In your own paths we oft have walked,
And thus preserved our feet.

Since all may follow in your path,
Pray make it straight and well,
For if the fathers crooked go,
How sad a thing to tell.

And when the night was dark and drear,
You've lighted up our way,
Thus travel we without a fear,
By night as well as day.

And, madam, you have oft been found,
Beside the sick bed here,
To tend, and soothe, and lend a hand,
Your neighbor's heart to cheer.

Now fill the bowl, the ginger bowl,
And heap the crackers high,
We'd rather quaff hot ginger tea,
Than eat our crackers dry.

We drink your health in the steaming bowl,
And wish you much of joy,
May many be the years you spend
Together, with your boy.

Jan. 21st, 1880.

[Lines Written for a Young Girl who in behalf of her School-mates Presented the Teacher with two books at the close of the School term.]

In the pleasant field of knowledge,
We have walked another term,
Culled from out its varied treasures,
Many things we need to learn.

Tho' careless we have often been,
And your spirit sorely tried,
Yet your patience ne'er forsook you,
On your love we could rely.

When the path seemed rough or gloomy,
'Twas your hand that smoothed the way,
Thus the hard spots were made easy,
And the dark was turned to day.

Now this morn in looking over,
All the hours we here have spent,
Every one has held a treasure,
And a charm to each was lent.

In fond memory's choicest corner,
All these things we'll stow away,
To renew them in the future,
Just to brighten some dull day.

These books of poems, teacher dear,
We would like to have you take
As token of our love sincere,
And keep them for our sake.

And sometimes as you look them o'er,
As the years go rolling on,
Just think of those who gave them you,
Your pupils of eighty-one.

[Hymn Written and Sung at the Centennial Anniversary of the First Baptist Church. Woburn Mass., July 1881.]

O Lord! we thank Thee for Thy love,
For all Thy love has wrought,
We thank Thee, that this church was formed,
And through a century brought.
We thank Thee, for the souls here saved,
Saved by Thy love and power;
We thank Thee, for Thy presence here,
We thank Thee for this hour.
Let all these tongues break forth and sing,
Sing praises to the Lord;
For blessings all these many years,
Join each with one accord.
Oh! praise the Lord, for pastors dear,
Praise Him for prayer and song,
Praise Him for hours of worship here,
Let praise the song prolong.
We humbly crave Thy presence still,
To guide and light our way;

Abide with us, oh Lord, we pray,
Abide, both night and day.
Then will the future as the past,
To souls a blessing be,
This church a chosen scion prove,
Through all eternity.

ON MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Today I'm more than half way home,
More than half of life's journey o'er,
More than half of its battles fought,—
I am nearing the other shore;
Nearing the bright home above,
Where so many dwell I love.
The past I willing leave behind,
As flowers when their freshness gone,
Are cast away, still memory
Holds the perfume known so long;
Yet may those along the way
Prove as bright and sweet as they.

May 22nd, 1882.

[To Uncle Samuel and Aunt Emily Gowing on their Golden Wedding Anniversary.]

Into my hand was placed one day,
A card with edge of gilt,
And on it I found writ,
A welcome to your wedding day.

And so this fine December night,
With wishes kind and true,
We willing come to you,
Within your cosy home so bright.

Gladly we meet your children here,
Your pride and comfort, too,
And little ones a few
Whose tender love your hearts will cheer.

We miss the dear old home of yore,
Its noble elms so grand
Spreading o'er house and land,
With its generous yard before.

We miss the great rooms of your sire,
The beaufet in the corner,
The tall clock in good order,
The wainscotted walls, and wood fire.

We miss them, yet are glad to see,
Your pleasant home so new,
With comforts not a few,
And hope you long may happy be.

Here let all care and worry cease,
Let faith and hope abound,
Charity to all around;
And thus the eve of life be peace.

Dec. 31st, 1882.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Lord, we dedicate to Thee,
This building may it be

Thy dwelling place ;
Here may we love to meet,
Here may we ever seek
Thy gracious mercy seat,
Thy love embrace.

Here contrite prayer ascend
Through Christ, our Savior, friend,
To Thee above ;
Here sinners feel Thy grace,
And humbly seek Thy face,
Enlist to run the race,
Kept by Thy love.

Long may this structure stand,
An honor to our land
And Thee above ;
Lord, keep it from all harm,
Protected by Thine arm,
We ne'er will feel alarm,
But rest in love.

[A Short Chapter of History from the Old Bay State to Dr. and Mrs. McC., of North Berwick, Maine.]

Some years ago to the Bay State came,
A beardless youth, from way down Maine ;
A former pastor he came to see,
The pastor and all his family.
It chanced that eve, some friends were there,
And 'mong them came a maiden fair,

With sparkling eye and pleasant mien;
A treasure to this youth she seemed.
In fact, old Cupid sent a dart,
That pierced alike each youthrul heart.
And thus for years it came to pass,
The youth oft came to see this lass.
Then came a time I well remember,
'Twas the first day of old December,
The young man came and took away
His bride, from the state of Old Bay;
On the banks of the Kennebec stream,
They settled down to live love's dream.
He took to drugs, and the making of pills,
With lotions and bitters to cure life's ills;
And then he went to Bowdoin College,
To store his brain with useful knowledge,
To learn the functions of the heart,
The nerve, the eye and other parts;
To learn with skill to use the knife,
And all the ways of saving life.
Then to this village next they came,
And added M. D. to his name.
And here he 's traveled day and night,
Through mud, and dust, and sunshine bright,
Through winter's snow, and summer's rain,
The sick to see and ease their pain.
Perhaps some here can testify,
(If on my word you can't rely,)
Of powders and pills there is no lack,
Whenever you send for Dr. Mack.

1887.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Father of mercies, draw Thou near,
Thy gracious presence lend,
As we Thy humble servants here,
Our hearts in reverence bend;
To praise Thee, for Thy wondrous love,
And tune our songs to Thee above.

We praise Thee Father that Thy care,
On us has been bestowed,
And still Thy favor may we share,
Thy glory still behold;
We praise Thee for this temple neat,
Long may it be Thy mercy seat.

Here may we come with contrite hearts,
Thy blessing Lord, to seek,
To mourners here Thy grace impart,
To each Thy comfort mete;
May love and concord here abound,
And Holy peace be ever found.

WELCOME TO A PASTOR.

Pastor and wife, we welcome you,
As servants of the Lord,
To walk with us, to work with us,
According to His word.

Blest of God may this union prove,
Our aim and purpose one:

To follow Christ, exalt His love,
And others bid to come.

United may our prayers ascend,
From zealous hearts and firm,
That all may seek the Savior, friend,
And ways of wisdom learn.

May Christ within our souls so dwell,
That every thought is love,
Then will our lives His glory tell,
Till called from earth above.

THE OLD CHURCH CLOCK.

[A Paraphrase.]

Not a sound was heard, not a single stroke,
From the clock in the old church tower;
Not a hand that moved by day, or night,
To tell the people of the hour.

We thought as we lay on our narrow bed,
And smoothed out our balsam pillow,
Of those who would wait the stroke of the clock,
And lose the train on the morrow.

Slowly and sadly, we rose in the night,
Thinking perchance it was morning,
We groped our way the gas to light,—
The morn had not thought of dawning.

Then we laid us down at dead of night,
Old Morpheus deftly wooing,

Kindly he showed in a dream, just right,
The clock, telling the hour for rising.

[To a Young Lady on Her Twenty-first Birthday. Aug. 2, 1891.]

This August day so bright and clear,
To you a birthday is,
May all your life, my young friend dear,
Be fair and bright as this.

As buds unfolding day by day,
At last become the flower,
So years have come and sped to you,
And brought this happy hour.

Young womanhood now meets your view,
But veiled in mystery;
Let each day be a gift from God,
And prove His sympathy.

Waiting not for rarest treasures,
Gather trifles as you go;
Life has surely many blessings,
May your future prove it so.

1891.

SURF MEETING AT OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

They are gathering by the sea,
Singly and in myriad throng,
At the Sabbath hour of sunset,
To unite in prayer and song;

Mingling voice and restless ocean,
Both as one, God's goodness sing,
Surging tide obey His diction,—
Willing hearts to him we bring.

From the west the sun declining,
Casts its tints upon the sea,
Red and gold, with blue commingling,
Bids our eyes its grandeur see;
Bright and brighter, grows the vision,
And our hearts with awe are thrilled,
As the painter spreads His picture,
Far exceeding human skill.

Mountains rise at His dictation,
Till a landscape meets our eye,
Waving grain and graceful tree tops,
Backed by clouds surpassing high;
Storied arch and stately column,
Grandly soar in ether blue,
While the modest cot beside them,
Adds its feature to the view.

Oh, to worship this great artist,
Is a favor and delight,
And we thank Thee, God of Love,
For this vision of Thy might.
Fades at last this picture gorgeous,
While we linger, gazing still,
But from memory's sacred chamber,
We'll recall it when we will.

Now the crowd go wending homeward,
Prayer and song no more we hear,
But the voice is speaking ever,
Not far off, but very near.
Yes, within our hearts 'tis speaking,
Filling us with joy and love,—
We will praise Thee O, our Father,
Here on earth and then above.

Aug. 1890.

BIRTHDAY REVERIE.

Voyage on life's changing stream,
My bark has sailed for three-score years;
The headlight in the distance gleams,
And brighter grows as the haven nears.
My Father's hand is on the wheel,
And trusting Him my soul will sing,
Though knowing not if woe, or weal,
The future years will bring.
But with Him, guiding at the helm,
Nor shoals nor rapids cause a fear,
For 'tis His love that overwhelms,
As on we speed to the haven near.

May 22, 1892.

[To Baby—The First Grandchild.]

Welcome to thee, little stranger,
Welcome to our arms and love,
Welcome to our hearts and homes,

To the combine Gowing-Brice;
Though a girl we give thee welcome,
Coming early in the morning,
Coming at the Sabbath dawn,
In the pleasant autumn season,
When the trees were clothed in crimson,
Or, the tint of sunset golden,
And the vines with fruit were heavy,
And the flowers of richest hue;
With a gladness in the air,
Surely nature welcomes you.
May your life be bright and cherry,
Light of heart, with winsome voice,
Carrying sunshine where you go,
Gathering flowers along the way.

Oct. 16th, 1892.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

The years, the years, the eternal years,
How swiftly they come and go,
With hopes expectant, love and fears,
Intermingling joy and woe.
Ours they were, we loved them well,
And sweet their mem'ry lingers,—
In bliss, or pain, or friendship's dear,
Tracing the Father's finger.

The years, the years, they come to us,
Gifts from God's bounty vast;
We grow in them, and they in us,
Enduring to the last.

And when our path diverging, lead
From friends we hold most dear,
We know the years of the future
Our souls will again bring near.
So on we'll press in life's pathway,
Though weary and faint at times,
Since the years we know are eternal,
And Jesus directs our lines.
Then mould us, Master, perfectly
To work Thy plan divine,
That at the end no blot appear,
That will mar Thy pure design.

Dec. 1892.

JUST FOR TODAY.

Just for today
Thy strength, dear Lord, give me;
Just for today
Abide Thou, Lord, with me;
Tomorrow's care need not alarm,
Since day by day, I'm kept from harm
Dear Lord, by Thee.

Just for today
Give health, O Lord, to me;
Just for today
Sweet peace I'll take from Thee;
Then walking in Thy ways rely,
That daily needs Thou wilt supply,
Praise be to Thee.

Just for today
Thy thoughts, O Lord, give me,
That all I say
May for Thy glory be;
With love divine fill Thou my heart,
As day by day I draw apart,
With Thee to stay.

Just for today
Thyself, dear Lord, give me;
Then for today
My work shall be for Thee;
And on through all eternity,
Day by day, I'll live for Thee,
Dear Lord for Thee.

[Address of Welcome to the Middlesex County Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union held in Reading, Mass., Sept. 20th, 1894.]

Dear sisters of the ribbon white,
I bid you welcome here today;
Welcome in this September rain,
Welcome to this no-license town.
Eighteen years it has voted, no!
Welcome to this ancient town;
Two hundred and fifty years last May,
Since first the white man came to dwell,
Within the precincts of this town.
A little stream, the Ipswich,
Whose fish afforded food for table,
Lured them to this wooded spot,

And Wood End, was it known by then.
The scene is strangely changed today —
Churches, schools, dwellings, stores appear
Where then was forest, dense and wild.
Could one of those first settlers stand
Upon our common fair today,
And see the fiery chariots rage,
Running like lightning through our streets,
By night like torches in appearance,
As prophet Nahum wrote of old,
Filled with amazement would they be.

Could they behold within this church
This company of goodly women,
Who have come from their homes afar,
Coming by electric and steam car,
With wonder would they ask: "What for?"
Why this concourse all of women ?
Why come they to this ancient town ?
The like was never in our day,
Pray tell what can it be about ?
I would answer, I would tell them,
They have come from town and hamlet,
Come from homes far and near,
Come from loved ones very dear,
To talk of matters that concern them ;
Talk and plan for future work,
Work to help the rising children,
Work to rid our land of evils,
Work to lead us heavenward, Godward,
Work to last all ages through.

To this planning and this working,
Sisters, I would welcome you;
With your hearts of love so loyal,
With your wisdom and discretion,
May you plan the wisest measures,
To help on our cause so holy,
Knowing that words once spoken,
Like sounds in phonographic tube,
May be repeated o'er and o'er —
May your coming bring a blessing,
As you go may blessing follow,
Helpful each unto the other.

[Words of Welcome to Dr. W. S. A. and Wife.]

Gladly our hearts unite,
In welcoming tonight
Our pastor here;
Together may we stand,
Upheld by God's right hand,
A faithful earnest band,
With hearts of cheer.

To live, O Lord, for Thee,
Our purpose ever be,
Thy name to praise.
May souls to Christ be brought,
And by Thy Spirit taught
The paths Thy love have wrought,
Author of days.

May flock and pastor each,
Thy presence ever seek,
Spirit of love;
United work for Thee,
Fruits of their labor see,
Kept by Thy Spirit free,
Till called above.

Pastor and wife we greet,
A union now complete,
Blest gift from God;
Affection growing strong,
As days to years prolong,
Thanksgiving be our song,
With one accord.

1895.

[Written for the Reunion of the Gowing Family, held at Mr. H. A. Gould's, Andover, Mass., Aug. 31st, 1893.]

Sleep came not to my eyes one night,
So rising, at my window I sat down,
And wrapped in Luna's pale, clear light,
A few thoughts quickly jotted down,
And as they came to me,
I give them now to thee.

To the Gould farm, grand old place,
With forest fine, have come this year,
The Gowing clan, from far and near,
To keep their yearly tryst.
The village noise, the city's din,
Care, toil and work of every kind,

Right gladly do we leave behind,
To spend a day with those of kin.

And as we grasp each others hand,
Exchanging kindly words of cheer,
We trust that each is held more dear,
For this friendly reunion here.

Most tenderly we think of one*,
Who with us stood one year ago,
Since, heard the call,—onward go!
And now from care and labor rests.

The pleasant face, the genial smile,
With which he greeted each and all,
Today with pleasure we recall,
And thanks would render for his life.

We see him as he stood that day,
Manly and kind, of noble mein,
Presiding with an easy leal,
Befitting well a higher place.

The call will come to each of us,
How soon, or where, we cannot tell,
But let us spend each day so well,
We'll ready be when e'er it comes.

These grand old trees towering high
Till ether pure their branches reach,
May well to us a lesson teach,
That all our aims should upward tend.

*Horace Gowing died during the year.

That day by day advance we make,
Befitting those of noble bent,
For life is but a gift that's lent,
To be returned with usury meet.

God bless our host and hostess here,
Many years they've passed together,
'Mid change of time and varied weather;
Still brightly may their pathway glow,

As walking toward the sunset sky,
They glimpses catch of realms beyond,
Till willing leave the things so fond,
For what lies yonder, waiting them.

[To Mrs. C. T.]

Another year has sped away,
And brought again your natal day;
Ninety and one they are, all told,
And many the mercies they enfold.

Changes how great have come to pass,
Since you were but a wee bit lass;
We'll not stop to tell them here,
But in your mind they are quite clear.

And last of all your house was changed,
We scarce believe it was the same,
Where we have come many a time,
To read to you some simple rhyme.

We're sorry you are in this clutter,
Hope e'er long you will look better,

And then what comfort you will take,
With these improvements up to date.

The bath-room near, so nice and neat,
Where one can cleanse both hands and feet,
Or, sitting in the window-bay,
Observe the passing 'cross the way.

And now your labor nearly done,
Your gaze is toward the setting sun;
From pain we wish you might be free,
And live the century mark to see.

Dec. 4, 1897.

IN MEMORIAM.

Frances E. Willard.

By faith we see the land that's fair,
Our faith beholds our Leader there.
Glorious life to her is given —
Fellowship with saints in heaven.

And our faith beheld the meeting,
And the tender holy greeting,
From the loved ones gone before,
When she touched the shining shore.

How bright the crown upon her head,
A star for every soul she led
To Christ-like life, and deeds of love,
Befitting them to dwell above.

Oh! grand and peerless soul of white,
The world and nation mourn the blight

Spread o'er the land from east to west,
Since our great Chieftain passed to rest.

She is not dead, she lives above,
In atmosphere of perfect love,
And finds from weary dust set free,
"How beautiful with God to be."

1898.

[Lines Written in the Cars on the Wrapper of my Lunch-box Enroute from Rochester, N. Y. to Boston.]

God holds the waters in His hand,
He stays the rocks in place,
His power we view on sea and land,
O'er all His finger trace.

The mountains rise in grandeur high,
The clouds upon them lie,
And reaching seem to touch the sky,
All glorious to the eye.

O'er rocks the rippling water falls,
Flecked with the foaming spray,
To view God's glory nature calls,
Adoring, we obey.

The trees abloom all white appear,
Pure as the heavens can make,
Instinctively our hearts draw near,
To Him, who all creates.

O earth, the handiwork of God,
Right from His touch you came,

Let man revere and worship God,
Ne'er fear to own His name.

AFTER SUPPER.

Now heaven's curtains are drawn down,
The darkness spreads o'er all,
We'll close our eyes, let sleep abound,
Till,— "Boston!" shrill they call.

May 26th, 1898.

NORTH SCITUATE BEACH.

After the leaden sky the blue waves dash,
Wave after wave, o'er the sandy beach flash,
Thus wave after wave, o'er the soul rolls love
To His children; from the Father above.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

A glorious sunset gilds the sky,
Through autumn foliage seen;
The gold and crimson mingle nigh,
With now and then a tint of green;
The grassy sward, all dotted fine,
With leaves of varied hue,
Presents a carpet's rich design,
Right from the Maker new.

Ne'er could a human pen outline,
A scene so wondrous fair,
But freely does the hand divine,
Trace out these pictures rare.
We sit and gaze in rapturous bliss,
And wonder, can there be
In heaven a grander scene than this;
If so, oh! let us see.

Oct. 1898.

[To the Willard Y. Settlement of Boston who from their Friends Solicited for their First Anniversary a Penny for every Year of One's Age.]

Dear Friends, one dollar you please will find,
Sent by one who would be quite inclined
To meet with you on your natal day,
Could she but go by the sun's bright ray;
But one you see a hundred years old,
(Though she never yet, that age has told,
Tell it not I pray in ancient Gath,
Lest you provoke my righteous wrath,)
May not with prudence venture out,
After the dark goes prowling about,
And by eight o'clock I'm sleepy quite,
And soon go to bed, just up one flight;
So enclosed you find my pennies free,
Hoping many birthdays you may see.
I'll call and see you some other time,
When the sun o'er head doth brightly shine.

Nov. 1898.

SLEEPING—AWAKENING.

'Mid flowers he lay asleep,
No look of death on brow,—
He must be resting now,
While angels vigil keep.

How sweet the rest must be,
To weary hand and brain,
That long have toiled in pain,
But now forever free.

And do we call this death,
So calm and still to lie?
No look of pain, or sigh,
No agonizing breath.

'Tis the new life given,
To purer scenes above,
In atmosphere of love,
The element of heaven.

Anon, he wakes in bliss;
"Oh rapture, can it be
My soul from earth set free?
Joyful I welcome this.

"I see my loved ones here,
Who left me long ago,
And I did miss them so;
Now all of them are near.

"Behold, my Savior dear,
His face I've longed to see,

He gave His life for me,
Him will I worship here.

"His praise forever sing,
His love will be the theme,
His glory all supreme,
My Savior and my King.

"The dear ones left behind,
Will follow on quite soon,
For each there's plenty room,
In Father's house so kind."

Nov. 15, 1898.

TO THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Welcome to soldier boys in blue,
Welcome to the tried and the true;
At home we are glad to see you,
And gladly we come to greet you;
Welcome to the boys in blue.

You left your homes at duty's call,
You left you mothers, wives and all;
Your sweethearts, too, you left behind,
And all your friends, beloved and kind;
Good-by to boys in blue.

You ate the hardtack and the meat,
That to your taste was far from sweet;
Thro' mud, thro' sand, was oft your way,
But all led on to victor's day;
Good, for the boys in blue.

You followed leaders brave and true,
Or, if they faltered on went you;
O'er mountains steep, on foot you went,
And to the Spaniards bullets sent;
Glory to the boys in blue.

You did your duty brave and well,
And now you love the tale to tell;
To you the home life must be dear,
Home, sweet home, with naught to fear;
Home for the boys in blue.

No more war days, we trust, *for you*,
The same we wish our country too.
From sea to sea may peace abound,
O'er islands and all nations round;
Peace for the boys in blue.

Nov. 17th, 1898.

[To Reading's Twenty-two.]

Proud is Old Bay State, of her boys in blue,
And proud is Reading, of her twenty-two;—
We saw you when marching off to tent,
And wished at home you would be content.
But no, your young hearts for glory did yearn,
And by experience only could learn
That a soldier's life, even at best,
Is far from being one of ease and rest.

Shortly from tented field away you went,
By car and boat to Porto Rico sent.

The cry we oft hear, "Remember the Maine,"
But methinks, *you* will remember the "Yale."
It was eighteen days from shore to shore,
With hardtack to eat, and beef L'Armour.
Naught else but this, came to your hand or lip,
Tho' plenty good food, there was on the ship.

From the heights in Santiago town,
You saw their colors go floating down,—
Of the gallant Sixth, we oft heard with pride,
Driving the Spaniards, on every side.
You felt their bullets whizz through the air,
But of your heads, they touched not a hair.
The fighting all done, homeward you came;
The deeds of the Sixth will be known to fame.

We watched you go forth with bated breath,
Fearing to some, it might mean death;
But thanks be to God, everyone came back,
And of joy in our hearts there is no lack;
And for this we are sure, all will allow,
Much credit is due our own Doctor Dow.
Then three cheers for the brave boys in blue,
And three cheers for our own twenty-two.

Nov. 29th, 1898.

[To Mrs. M. W. H. on Her Birthday.]

A helpless infant was born, they say,
Just eighty-two years ago today,
And Mary, "the star of the sea,"
Was chosen, the child's name to be.

With much of love and tender care,
The babe grew up ready to share,
Such changes as may come to all,
Who live on this terrestial ball.

And so in time this infant small,
Became a woman fair and tall,
And then a doctor's bride became,
And all these years has borne his name.

To this woman now eighty-two,
Honor we'd pay, it is her due,
Since for years we have found her true,
Virtues many, mistakes but few.

Many changes have come to you,
But I'll mention only a few:—
Two daughters came your home to share,
But only one is with you here,

For Della left you long ago,
All these years you've missed her so;
Yet often times you feel her near,
Though dwelling in the upper sphere.

To Civil War your husband went,
His skill and care to soldiers lent;
Soon you followed with love intent,
The sick to help in field and tent.

You've seen the slaves from bondage free,
And women voters lived to see.
You traveled oft by boat and steam,
But not till late by lightning team.

And now the Cuban war is o'er,
We hope for peace forevermore;
Other wonders you will recall,
I have not time to mention all.

Oh, wondrous age is this, we're told,
And wondrous sights our eyes behold,
But vaster wonders shall we see,
When safe across the "Jasper sea."

You've walked alone these many years,
Since he who shared your joys and tears,
Was called from earth above to dwell,
By Him who "doeth all things well."

And He who "doeth all things well,"
Has given you grace His love to tell,
His strength in need He's given you,
And earthly blessings not a few.

And here these many years you've dwelt,
Ever busy with mind content,
Doing the good that came to hand,
Reaping the blessing of our land.

And here your friends who know your worth,
Have gladly gathered round your hearth;
'Tis pleasant quite to meet you here,
With everything your heart to cheer.

Now as the days speed one by one,
You near the fast declining sun,
But hope looks up to visions fair,
While faith beholds your loved ones there.

Dec. 16th, 1898.

[To Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Green.]

How oft of Love, the Muse has sung,
(With graceful word, and flowing tongue,)
When youthful hearts have plighted troth,
To walk life's pathway, nothing loth;
And oft 'tis thought no love can be,
Like early vows, strong, pure and free.

Of second love, I sing tonight,
These twenty years its been your light,
With hearts matured, and ripened years,
Your love has had, nor change, nor fears;
But lapsing o'er the decades past,
Has purer grown unto the last.

'Tis well I'm sure that Cupid's art,
Regards not age, in seeking hearts;
And thus it is, true love can come
At any time, to light our home;
Adorning e'en the plainest face,
And robing all with winning grace.

But though your life has ripened well,
One fact there is quite strange to tell,
(I'd silent be but all have seen,)
With all these years you still are Green,
And Green, I fear, must be your fate,
To change that truth, 'tis quite too late.

We wonder, sir, how you should dare,
Ask a lady with you to bear
A name that hints of verdure new,—
But yet methinks we have the clue:

In nature, flowers are seldom seen,
Without the all attending green.

Who would think a wreath to twine,
With flowers only, how e'er fine?
Add the foliage and you see,
Nature true to harmony;
So your hearts according well,
Love has wreathed them with a spell.

Another fact, I here will tell,
A fact, you will remember well.
This chair, quite easy you will find;
And should you ever feel inclined,
In it can take your mid-day nap,
With wife beside, or in your lap.

We hope you long may fill it well,
And in it many stories tell;
And may your children gather here,
To celebrate for many a year,
The day you thought it not too late,
To woo, and wed, a second mate.

[To Mrs. C. H. Swain.]

The wedding-bells methinks I hear,
The silvery bells so soft and clear;
A quarter century they proclaim,
Of wedded life to Mrs. Swain.

How strange it seems a maiden fair,
To be a swain should have a care,

But such the mysteries of this life,
You willingly became a wife.

The day to honor we have come,
Because you said you'd be at home,
Something so very, very rare,
We're pleased with you an hour to share.

The silver bells will change their song,
As you together jog along,
And soon the chimes of gold will sound,—
May joy and peace with you abound.

[To Mrs. R. H. on the Death of her Aged Mother.]

She has laid life's burden down,
She has gone to wear the crown,
Her harp to tune to sing His love,
Who died that we might live above.

Then let no tear of sorrow fall,
She but obeyed the Father's call;
And now amid the angels bright,
Awaits you in that realm of light.

Oh may we all, together meet
Around the Savior's mercy-seat,
His praise forever more to sing;
Praise to our Savior, Lord and King.

GORDON REST.

Pure is the air at "Gordon Rest,"
Fair the flowers, at their best;
Wood and lake combine to make,
Charming place, a rest to take.

When we turn our weary feet,
From the noon-day burning heat,
Piney woods with odor sweet,
Welcome each one to a seat.

And the birds on bush and tree,
Warble strains of melody;
Thus our hearts with joy should sing,
Praises to our Father King.

Through the trees glimmering bright,
See the flash of water white.
Down the hill with haste we hie,
Where the lake so peaceful lies.

On its shore we sit or lie,
Chatting as the moments fly,
Feasting eye on lovely scene,
E'en Dame Nature's fairest green;

Or, taking boat we row away,
Where the lily white doth lay;
On the wavelet's shining breast,
Gracefully its bloom doth rest.

Here we gather bud and bloom,
Till for more there is no room,

And their perfume sweet and rare,
Rivals well their beauty fair.

Then at eve on lawn we sit,
Watching, colors as they flit,
Changing ever and anon,
Rainbow tints from setting sun.

Calm and sweet is nature here,
Naught to trouble, naught to fear;
Bid your daily cares to cease,
And enjoy its quiet peace.

"Gordon Rest" is a pleasant place,
In its beauty we would trace,
The hand of Him who loves us well,
And His goodness ever tell.

Hanson, Mass., June 17th, 1899.

[Read at the King's Daughters Convention at "Gordon Rest," Hanson, Mass., June 21st, 1899.]

'Tis gala day at "Gordon Rest,"
Nature has donned its very best;
Rooms are decked with flowers neat,
Peonies, rose, and lilies sweet.

In the sunshine clear and bright,
Float the colors, red, blue, white,
Emblem of our country free,
Dear they are to you and me.

Glad welcome Daughters of a King,
Glad welcome let the welkin ring;

You have come from far and near,
Each the others heart to cheer.

May the hours be passed with joy,
God's own peace without alloy;
And when you homeward bend your steps,
Know the day has been well spent;

Stronger feel, your work to do,
Blessings find forever new;
Walking heavenward in God's light,
May your lives grow daily bright.

[To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Howes.]

Ring out, ring out, your wedding bells,
Ring out your sweetest strain;
Bid all in glad refrain,
This golden wedding day to tell.

Since silver wedding bells did ring,
The years have quickly sped,
And now as then I'm led,
A little song for you to sing.

Rich blessings have been given you,
Good health and all that brings,
Cheerful hearts and voice to sing,
As mercies came and favors new.

Together you have crossed the tide,
Of fair Atlantic's breast,
On foreign shores to rest,
And then at home with friends abide.

These years with fruitage have been rare,
With love your hearts all fraught,
United you have wrought,
For doing good has been your share.

Our sister's voice has oft been heard,
The weak and low to lift,
That darken clouds might rift,
And joyful songs of praise be heard.

Good tidings have your lips let fall,
And bade the sad look up,
To Him, who fills each cup,
Yet sheds His mercies over all.

For fifty years your love has given
Your lives a trustful rest,
Now turning to the west,
Your view looks on toward Heaven.

The west decline has gentle slope,
The valley fruited deep,
Bids you a harvest reap,
Well earned, of Christian love and hope.

Now, standing on the heights tonight,
You view the land afar,—
The scene is wondrous fair,
May all your path be bright.

Then ring the bells, the golden bells,
Ring out their sweetest strain,
Bid all in glad refrain,
This happy wedding day to tell.

July 29th, 1899.

I KNOW NOT.

I know not the way that's before me,
Whether of joy or sorrow,
I know not what the years may bring me,
Not even the tomorrow.

But I know that He who cares for me,
And loves me now and ever,
Will give what He knows is best for me,
And lead me on forever.

And so my heart will delight to sing,
His praises over and o'er,
Since He to me is Savior, is King,
I will trust Him evermore.

OCTOBER.

Bright autumn, the time of rich colors,
The glory and crown of the year,
With magical touch tints the foliage,
To welcome your coming here.

Gracefully the golden rod waves its plume,
Nasturtiums and asters so gay,
Mingle beauty and perfume together,
To enrich the days of your stay.

The trees with their branches heavy laden,
The vines with their fruitage sweet,
Vie each with the other in offering,
Their treasure to lay at your feet.

The picture is gay and enchanting,
We wish it might linger, or stay,
But as all things here are quite fleeting,
We know that soon you'll away.
Oct. 1899.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

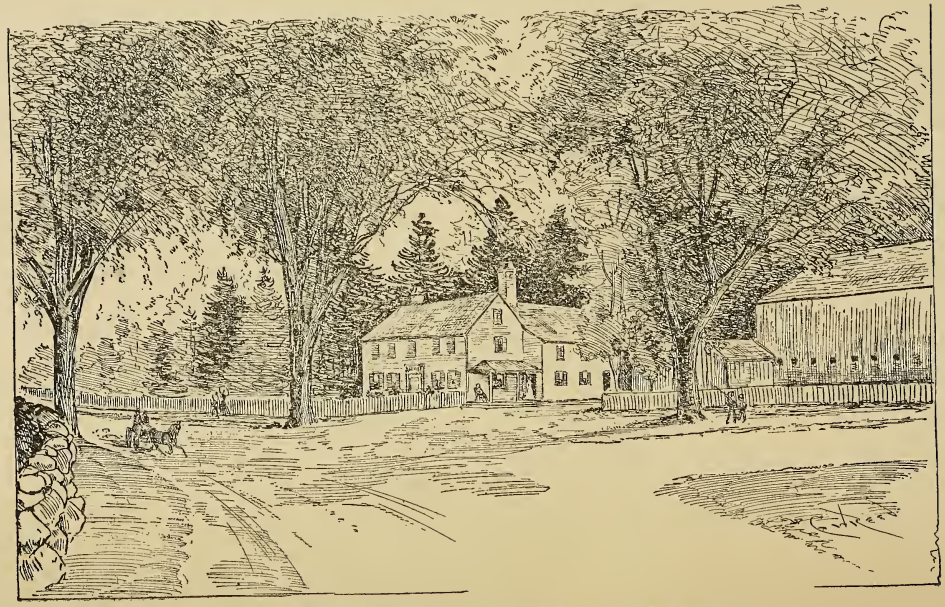
Days, weeks and months glide swiftly by,
We scarcely heed their flight;
The year brings round the natal day,
The fiftieth comes tonight.

Sometimes 'tis well these days to mark,
To live in memory long,
And so the full meridian time,
We celebrate with song.

The boundary you now have reached,
Which marks old age in youth,
And enter now the youth of age,
With grace accept the truth.

But keep the heart forever young,
And tuned to sweetest sound;
Then will the songs of later years,
With youthful joy abound.

And as the years repeat their course,
May peace with you abide;
Happy and restful be your lot,
With children by your side.



THE HOME OF MY FATHER, WITH THE GREAT BARN NEAR IT.

CONCORD, MASS.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Old Concord,
Which fond memory often loves to recall,
East Quarter, Virginia Lane, old road to Bedford,
The great elms, and the ash, which shaded us all.

The little school house, and the brook running near it,
The bridge, and the rocks, where time quickly flew,
The home of my father, with the great barn near it,
The green grassy meadow spread out to our view.

The hill rising high, all the way to the village,
The very same hill, where the British foe went,
The stores, and the town, to destroy and to pillage,
On that memorable morn by Pitcairn sent.*

Oh, the hill, and the woods where the wild flowers grew,
Which seeking, I roamed at my own sweet will,
There the columbine found and lubin so blue,
And all that grew in dell, or on the hill.

Often I recall the drives around the old town,
The woods road to Walden, on Thoreau to call,

*The 19th of April, 1775, when Maj. Pitcairn led the British to destroy the military stores in Concord, Mass.

The monument street, to the old battle-field ground,
With its avenue wide, and trees fine and tall.

The "Old Manse" standing near, where Hawthorne
oft' wrote,
The grass grown river which gave name to the
town
By Indians long ago, when canoes they did float,
And Musketoquid called both river and town.

A row on the river, the dark "Hemlocks" to reach,
Or a picnic with friends, at "Fair Haven Bay,"
Was considered by all a desirable treat,
In early fall, or a fine summer day.

And pleasant was the drive to Punkatasset hill,
Where woodland, and vale and green fields met
our view,
Anon, the wide road leading to Wetherbee's mill,
All, all, I do recall, and many more, too.

Then at "Merriam's Corner," we often were found,
Passed the pine shaded house where Emerson
wrote,
The home of the Alcott's, with the orchard around,
The great elm in front, and the meadow we note.

A call at the cottage 'neath the spreading elm tree,*
We surely would make, ere our route was complete;
And here the grape, cultured in perfection would
see,
Which our host would urge us to take, and to eat.

*The home of Hon. E. W. Bull, the originator of the celebrated Concord grape.

Oh, the scenes of Old Concord I love to recall,
The scenes of my childhood, my womanhood, too;
As the years pass away, I rejoice in them all,
And the picture gladly paint with love's bright hue.

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